

THE
SIXTH SATIRE

OF THE

First BOOK of
HORACE

IMITATED.

Inscribed to Sir *RICHARD ELLIS*, Bart.

..... Cum tot ubique
Scripta legunt, stultum est periturae parcere chartæ.



L O N D O N :

Printed by J. BARNES, at the Ball in St Paul's

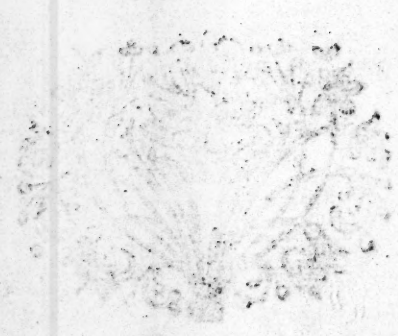
Church, 1727. [Price Six Pence]

THE
SIXTH VOLUME
OF THE
FINE BOOK OF
HORACE
IMPRINTED

Subscribed to Sir RICHARD ELLIOTT



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Printed for J. HAWKINS, at the Press in St. Paul's Church-yard, 1753. [Price Six Pence]

T O

Sir *RICHARD ELLIS*, Bart.

S I R,

THE Sentiments in this Satire of *Horace*, and particularly the Way of Life described in the latter Part of it, being altogether agreeable to your Taste, (as I have frequently experienced in Conversation with you) determined me to put them in an *English* Cloathing. You will readily excuse my prefixing your Name, to what is so much your own; the Morals being entirely Your's, the Dress only mine, who am

Your humble Servant.

E. W.

TO
SIR RICHARD D. BELLS BAR.

SIR,

THE Sentiments in this Series of Letters and particularly the Way of Life described in the latter Part of it being altogether agreeable to your Taste (as I have frequently experienced in Conversation with you) determined me to put them in an English Dressing. You will readily excuse my fixing your Name to what is so much your own; the Mould being entirely Yours the Dress only mine, who am

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THE
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THO' ¹ great of Birth, tho' none can higher trace
The bright Beginnings of a glorious Race,
Tho' ² on each side, your Ancestors from far
Have Councils sway'd, and dar'd in Fields of War,
And by their Piety deserved well, 5
So P --- n's Church and antient Records tell :
Yet ³ scorn you not the Man of lowly Birth
Like me, whom some deride as sprung from Earth.
You judge of Men, and your ⁴ Esteem is shewn
Not for their Father's Virtues, but their own ; 10
And know, e'er ⁵ Bastard *William* rul'd our Land,
And rais'd the ignoble Scepter of Command,
Many ⁶ (whose Pedigrees of modern Stamp)
Had shin'd at Court and flourish'd in the Camp :
While ⁷ vain *Bizarre* (whose ⁸ Ancestors we see 15
Maintain'd the glorious Cause of Liberty,
Have always watch'd th' Encroachments of the Crown,
And loudly speech'd it for the vacant Throne)
E'en ⁹ in th' opinion of the Mob must fall,
The Mob, whom you allow no Judge at all ; 20

*Non, ¹ quia, Mæcenæ, Lydorum quidquid Etruscos
Incoluit fines, nemo generosior est te ;
Nec ² quod avus tibi maternus fuit atque paternus,
Olim qui magnis legionibus imperitârunt.
Ut ³ plerique solent, naso suspendis adunco
Ignotos, ut me libertino patre natum :
Cum referre negas, ⁴ quali sit quisque parente
Natus, dum ingenuus, persuades hoc tibi verè,
⁵ Ante potestatem Tullî, atque ignobile regnum,
⁶ Multos sæpe viros, nullis majoribus ortos,
Et vixisse probos, amplis & honoribus auctos :
⁷ Contra Lævinum Valerî genus, ⁸ unde Superbus
Tarquinius regno pulsus fuit, ⁹ unius assis*

That ¹⁰ hears with awe each great Patrician Name,
 And what is due to Merit gives to Fame;
 Whom ¹¹ Titles, Wealth, and gaudy Shew surprize,
 Which ¹² you and I behold with other Eyes :
 Our Judgments steer by more unerring Laws, 25
 Nor heed the giddy Vulgar's vain Applause.
 For ¹³ yet the Croud *Bizarre* would rather grace,
 Than vote an Upstart in his Honour's Place.
 Now, Sir, (the Whim's as odd as you can think one)
 Should I next Parliament set up for *Lincoln*; 30
 Why ¹⁴ straight at first approach the Mayor would say,
 Your Father had no Vote, Sir, go your way.
 Nor ¹⁵ would the keen Reproach be wrong I own,
 It suits me best to live and die unknown;
 You'd laugh, should Men like me such Schemes begin, 35
 And cry, the ¹⁶ Ass affects the Lion's Skin.
 Yet ¹⁷ Thirst of Glory any Breast may feel,
 And when we view aloft on Fortune's Wheel.
 Some hoisted up, and tow'ring in the Skies,
 It gives to those below Desires to rise. 40
 And ¹⁸ yet to what Effect has *Tullius* rose ?
 E'en better far he never had been chose !
 From ¹⁹ Envy free a private Life might bless,
 He'd been less known, and thence expos'd the less.
 For ²⁰ who'er now [when Love of Glory fires] 45
 To Patriot's Fame, and Stars, and Strings aspires ;
 His Foibles straight to all made known we see,
 And ²¹ the whole Mob must hear his Pedigree.
 As ²² in the Mall when *Barrus* views the Fair,
 And thinks to captivate the Beauties there, 50
 While with vain Airs, their pretty Hearts he's firing,
 Puts all the ²³ Female World upon enquiring,

*Non unquam pretio pluris licuisse, notante
 Iudice, quem nosti, populo : qui ¹⁰ stultus honores
 Sæpe dat indignis, & famæ servit ineptus :
¹¹ Qui stupet in titulis & imaginibus : ¹² quid oportet
 Nos facere a vulgo longe lateque remotos ?
¹³ Namque esto, populus Lævino mallet honorem,
 Quam Decio mandare novo : ¹⁴ Censorque moveret
 Appius, ingenuo si non essem patre natus :
 Vel merito ¹⁵ : quoniam ¹⁶ in propria non pelle quiessem.
 Sed ¹⁷ fulgente trahit constrictos gloria curru,
 Non minus ignotos generosis : ¹⁸ quo tibi Tulli
 Sumere depositum clavum, fierique Tribunal ?
¹⁹ Invidia accrevit : privato quæ minor esset.
²⁰ Nam ut quisque insanus nigris mediam impedit crux
 Pellibus, & latum demisit pectore clavum,
²¹ Audit continuo : Quis homo hic est ? quo patre natus ?
²² Ut si qui egrotet quo morbo Barrus, haberi
 Ut cupiat formosus : eat quacunque ²³ puellis*

Who is he? Then with curious Eyes they scan
 His Face, Shape, Legs, and look thro' all the Man.
 So, mov'd by Honours, or his Country's Love, 55
 Who now would guard our Interests above,
 And cries ²⁴ to me confide the public Weight,
 I'm always watchful for the Church and State,
 Your Wrongs I'll heal; lift me but into Power,
 You'll hear of *Spanish* Guarda-Costs no more, 60
 No more your Flags shall Foreign Insults fear;
 Makes ²⁵ all the World cry out, who have we here?
 To mighty Matters makes such great Pretence?
 What Mother gave him birth? His Father whence?
 If ²⁶ after this he prove perhaps the Heir 65
 Of some *Dutch* Trader, or *French* Camisar,
 You ²⁷ guard our Rights! you take our Country's Cause!
 You prop our State! and mend the *British* Laws!
²⁸ *Novius* howe'er's behind me one Degree,
 My Sire, cries *Tullius*, was as good as he: 70
 He's true born *English*! Hence assumes the merits
 Of Blood as good as ²⁹ *M---*'s or as *T---*'s.
 But ³⁰ *Novius*, Sir, can stun the list'ning Croud,
 No City Bellman's Voice is half so loud,
 Has *Stentor*'s Lungs, and dates his merits hence, 75
 For some are ta'en with Sound and some with Sense.
³¹ Now to my self, whom all in scornful Mirth
 An Upstart call, and Man of Mushroom Birth,
 And, cause you shew me not disdainful Looks,
 But ³² Countenance, and sometimes lend me Books, 80
 They grudge me e'en this Portion of your Grace
 With envious eyes, as tho' I'd ³³ got a Place;
 But ³⁴ here their Spleen their Reason over-rules,
 Fortune, 'tis own'd, may sometimes favour Fools,

Injiciat curam querendi singula : quali

Sit facie, sura quali, pede, dente, capillo :

²⁴ *Sic qui promittit, cives, urbem sibi curæ,
Imperium fore, & Italiam, & delubra Deorum;*

²⁵ *Quo patre sit natus, num ignotâ matre inhonestus,
Omnes mortales curare & querere cogit.*

²⁶ *Tunc Syri, Damae, aut Dionysi filius, audes*

²⁷ *Dejicere è saxo cives, aut tradere Cadmo?*

²⁸ *At Novius collega gradu post me sedet uno;*

Namque est ille pater quod erat meus. Hoc tibi ²⁹ Paulus,

Et Messala videris? ³⁰ at hic, si plaustra ducenta

*Concurrantque foro tria funera, magna sonabit
Cornua quod vincatque tubas. Saltem tenet hoc nos.*

³¹ *Nunc ad me redeo libertino patre natum:*

Quem rodunt omnes libertino patre natum,

Nunc ³² quia sum tibi, Mæcenæ, compistor; at olim

Quod mihi ³³ pareret legis Romana Tribuno.

³⁴ *Diffimile hoc illi est : quia non ut forsit honorem*

But

But you, whom Penetration deep commends, 85
³⁵ You, Sir, are cautious in your choice of Friends.
³⁶ Nor was't by Chance, that I to you came known,
 Nor need I thank Dame Fortune for the Boon.
 'Twas ³⁷ first by C---n's means I saw your Face,
 And A---r after told you who I was, 90
 That long to me of unfeign'd Friendship try'd,
 This in Religion's Road my faithful Guide.
 When ³⁸ introduc'd, I talk'd of nothing great,
 A Lord's Alliance, or a large Estate,
 Told no Untruths; you seem'd an Ear to lend 95
 To all I said, and bid me be your Friend:
 Now ⁴⁰ here's my Praise, if be his Friend I can,
 That thinks not Blood but Manners makes the Man.
 And ⁴¹ if not great my Faults, and yet but few,
 (The fairest ⁴² Neck may have a Mole or two) 100
 If ⁴³ Meanness none, or base Desire of Pelf
 With Truth upbraid, (I must commend my self)
 My Foes I hate not, to my Friends am true,
 'Tis ⁴⁴ to my Father all this Praise is due,
 Who (loth to make his only Hope a Fool) 105
 Would never ⁴⁵ send me to a Country-school,
 Said no illit'rate Block my Brains should rack,
 Nor ⁴⁶ made me trudge my Knapsack at my Back;
 Like some, that only have for Wealth an Itch,
 And think that Learning is not for the Rich, 110

Jure mihi inuideat quivis, ita te quoque amicum;
³⁵ *Præsertim cautum dignos assumere, prava*
Ambitione procul: ³⁶ felicem dicere non hoc
Me possum, casu quod te sortitus amicum.
Nulla etenim mihi te fors obtulit: ³⁷ Optimas olim
Virgilius, post hunc Varius dixere quid essem.
Ut ³⁸ veni coram, singultim pauca locutus,
(Infans namque pudor prohibebat plura profari)
Non ego me claro natum patre, non ego circum
Me Satureiano vestiri rura caballo;
Sed quod eram, narro: respondes, ut tuus est mos,
Pauca: abeo, & revocas nono post mense, jubesque ³⁹
Esse in amicorum numero: magnum ⁴⁰ hoc ego duco,
Quod placui tibi, qui turpi secernis honestum:
Non patre præclaro, sed vita & pectore puro.
⁴¹ *Atqui si vitiis mediocribus, ac mea paucis*
Mendosa est natura, alioqui recta, (velut si
Egregio ⁴² inpersos reprendas corpore nævos)
Si neque ⁴³ avaritiam, neque sordes, ac mala lustra
Objiciet vere quisquam mihi: purus & insons,
(Ut me collaudem) si vivo & carus amicis;
Causa ⁴⁴ fuit pater his; qui, macro pauper agello,
Noluit ⁴⁵ in Flavî ludum me mittere; magni
Quo pueri magnis è Centurionibus orti,
Levo ⁴⁶ suspensi oculos tabulamque lacerto;

But with their hopeful Heirs are quite content,
 If can ⁴⁷ but cast Accounts and reckon Rent.
 In early Youth he took me far from Home,
 To search for Learning in the Schools of *Rome* ⁴⁸,
 There ⁴⁹ lib'ral Arts to know, and Virtue fair, 115
 And noble Youths, and Sons of Lords were there;
 Who knew me not, and judged by ⁵⁰ my Attire,
 Might easy have mistook me for a Squire:
 My ⁵¹ Sire watch'd o'er me careful still and kind,
 And drain'd his Pockets to enrich my Mind; 120
 To say his Cares wan't fruitless, mayn't become,
 I brought at least no Foreign Vices home.
 But if, this outward Splendor to maintain,
 I ⁵² practis'd there some useful Arts of Gain,
 Writ Tasks for idle Dunces, where's the ill? 125
 My Father gain'd his living by his Quill.
 Shall I while breathing, such a Father rue,
 And make the vain Excuses others do?
 And tell you, Sir, 'tis not my Fault at all
 I have no Pedigree to hang my Hall? 130
 No ⁵⁴ if the Time elaps'd recal I could,
 And choose me other Parents where I would,
 I'd ⁵⁵ take my own, e'er those whose Trees advance
 With Stars and Cor'nets loaded ev'ry Branch.
 In this because I act by Virtue's Rule, 135
 The World ⁵⁶ may, but you will not call me Fool.

Ibant ostionis ⁴⁷ *referentes Idibus æra;*
Sed puerum est ausus Romam ⁴⁸ *portare, docendum*
Artes ⁴⁹, *quas doceat quivis eques atque senator*
Semet prognatos: ⁵⁰ *vestem, servosque sequentes*
Ut magno in populo si quis vidisset; avitâ
Ex re præberi sumptus mihi crederet illos.
Ipse ⁵¹ *mibi custos incorruptissimus omnes*
Circum doctores aderat. quid multa? pudicum
(Qui primus virtutis bonos) servavit ab omni
Non solum facto, verum opprobrio quoque turpi:
Nec timuit sibi ne vitio quis verteret, olim
Si præco parvas, aut (ut fuit ipse) coactor
Mercedes ⁵² *sequerer; neque ego essem questus, ob hoc nunc*
Laus illi debetur, & à me gratia major.
Nil ⁵³ *me pœniteat sanum patris hujus: eoque*
Non, ut magna dolo factum negat esse suo pars,
Quod non ingenuos habeat clarosque parentes.
Sic me defendam. longe mea discrepat illis
Et vox & ratio. ⁵⁴ *nam si natura juberet*
A certis annis ævum revocare peractum,
Aique alios legere ad fastum quoscunque parentes
Optaret sibi quisque, meis ⁵⁵ *contentus; honestos*
Fascibus & sellis nollem mihi sumere; demens
Judicio ⁵⁶ *vulgi, sanus fortasse tuo; quod*

For why should I with Grandeur and with Care
 My ⁵⁷ self perplex, unus'd such Weight to bear?
 I then (new Honours will new Wants create)
 Must rack my Brains to get a large ⁵⁸ Estate, 140
 I then must trace the Course of Grandeur thorough,
 And fall to making Interest in some Borough,
 There ⁵⁹ cringe and creep to every drunken Sot,
 And kiss their Wives, if handsome, Sir, or not.
 Then on new Ways of living must I fix, 145
 Six ⁶⁰ Slaves at least, besides a Coach and Six,
 Companions ⁶¹ too still at my Heels to wait,
 And never ⁶² move, but when I move in State.
 Now ⁶³ I to *Edinburgh* may trudge alone,
 There's none enquires or where, or how I'm gone, 150
 Whether I've got a Lacquey at my Side,
 Or ⁶⁴ else before my own Portmanteau ride.
 Yet what'er way of trav'ling with me suits,
 I stuff no Provender within my Boots;
 Meannefs ⁶⁵ to me, like *Tullius*, none Reproach, 155
 That takes his Wine ⁶⁶ and Victuals in his Coach,
 And where he Inns nor calls for Drink nor Meat,
 But only wants a quiet Place to Eat.
 In this, than him and hundreds ⁶⁷ more at ease,
 I ramble ⁶⁸ unobserv'd where'er I please, 160
 To Change, to Court, to *Heidegger's* repair,
 Or to the Mall. ⁶⁹ and view the Market there.
 Now ⁷⁰ take amongst the Fair my Ev'ning Rounds,
 Chat o'er the Coffee, then consult the Grounds.
 Then Home ⁷¹ to sup, one Servant brings to eat 165
 Olives and Celary my usual Treat:
 My earthen Urns are plac'd in wooden Tray,
 No silver Cistern casts a dazzling Ray,

Nollem ⁵⁷ onus, baud unquam solitus portare, molestum.

Nam mihi continuo major querenda ⁵⁸ foret res;

Atque salutandi ⁵⁹ plures: ducendus ⁶⁰ & unus

Et comes alter: uti ne ⁶¹ solus rursus peregreve

Exirem: plures ⁶² calones atque caballi

Pascendi: ducenda peterrita. Nunc ⁶³ mihi curto

Ire licet mulo, vel, si libet, usque Tarentum.

⁶⁴ Mantica cui lumbos onere ulceret, atque eques armos.

Objiciet ⁶⁵ sordes nemo mihi, quas tibi, Tull.

Cum Tiburte via Prætozem quinque sequuntur

Te pueri lasanum portantes ⁶⁶ anophorumque.

Hoc ego commodius ⁶⁷, quam, tu præclare Senator,

Multis atque aliis vivo, ⁶⁸ quâcunque libido est

Incedo solus: percunctor quanti olus ac far:

Fallacem Circum, vespertinumque ⁶⁹ pererro

Sæpe forum: assisto ⁷⁰ divinis: Inde domum ⁷¹ me

Ad porri & ciceris refero lachanique catinum.

Cæna ministratur pueris tribus; & lapis albus

Nor marble Slabs my shining Salvors bear,
 My Plates are Delft, the rest is *Tunbridge Ware*. 170
 Then Sleep secure, altho' the Morning call
 To hear the Lawyers plead in *Edward's Hall*,
 Where oft th' old *British* ⁷² Monarchs bend their Brow,
 And shake their Heads at what is done below.
 'Till Eight ⁷³ I sleep, at Eight I leave my Bed, 175
 Then drefs and walk, or sit at Home and read,
 For ⁷⁴ all my Anguish hence a Cure I find,
 For reading is the Med'cine of the Mind.
 Yet ⁷⁵ dirty ne'er like fordid *Natta* seen,
 Whose very Shirt's in Mourning for the Queen, 180
 For tho' too studious of his Drefs we call
 A Fop, yet Neatness has a Praise in all.
 A sparing Meal ⁷⁶ at Three, then silent rove
 My Thoughts unbent, and sometimes dream o'Love.
⁷⁷ Such is their Life that follow Reason's Laws, 185
 Nor Honours seek, nor court the World's Applause.
 Secure Content more solid Joys affords,
 Than had our Sires and Grand-fires all been Lords.

Pocula cum cyathis duo sustinet, adstat ecbinus
Vilis, cum paterâ guttus, Campana supellex.
Deinde eo dormitum, non sollicitus mihi quod cras
Surgendum sit mane, obeundus Marfya ⁷², qui se
Vultum ferre negat Noviorum posse minoris.
Ad quartam jaceo ⁷³, post hanc vagor: aut ego læto
Aut scripto, ⁷⁴ quod me tacitum juvet. ungor ⁷⁵ olivo,
Non quo fraudatis immundus Natta lucernis,
Ast ubi me fessum sol acrior ire lavatum
Admonuit, fugio rabiosi tempora signi.
Pransus ⁷⁶ non avidè, quantum interpellat inani
Ventre diem durare, domesticus otior. ⁷⁷ hæc est
Vita solutorum misera ambitione graviqve.
His me consolor; victurum suavius ac si
Quæstor avus pater atque meus patruusque fuissent.

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O Father! O Supreme of heav'nly Thrones!
First! Highest! Holiest! Best!—Omnipotent,
Immutable, immortal, infinite,
Eternal King! The Author of all Being!
Fountain of Light! Thyself invisible,
Amidst the glorious Brightness where thou sit'st,
Thron'd inaccessible!

MILTON.

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